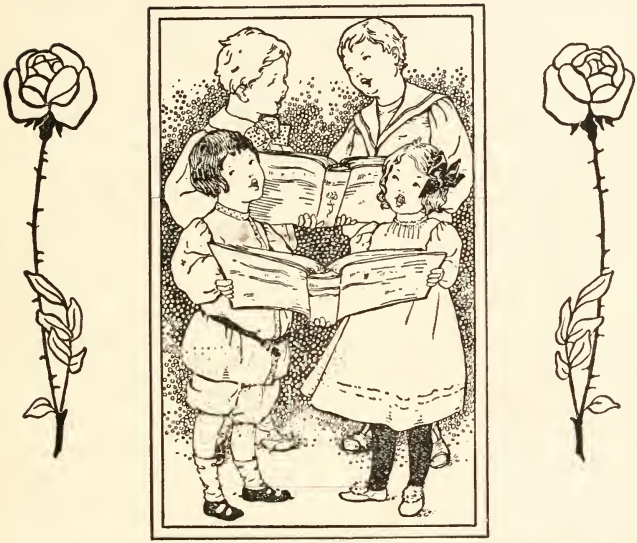
SONGS
FOR
TOM · DICK · BOB · & · PEGGY



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SONGS

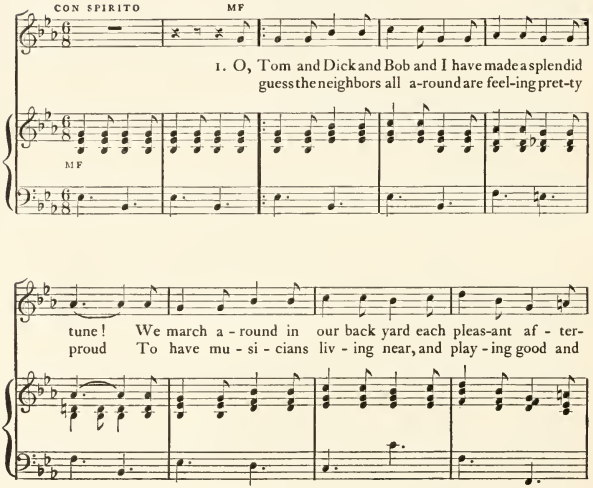
FOR

TOM, DICK, BOB & PEGGY

WHEN PEGGY RINGS THE BELL.

O TOM and Dick and Bob and I
Have made a splendid tune!
We march around in our back yard
Each pleasant afternoon,
And sing it as we march along,
As loud as we can sing,
While little Peggy rings the bell
As loud as she can ring.
With horns and drums we four big boys
Can make a most tremendous noise;
And Peggy likes to help along,
So while we march and sing our song,
We let her ring the bell.

I guess the neighbors all around
Are feeling pretty proud
To have musicians living near,
And playing good and loud.
Sometimes they come to see us march,
And then they always say,
"What splendid soldiers they will make!
How well they sing and play!"
We blow the horns and beat the drum,
With rat-tat-tat and tootle-tum,
And Peggy likes to help along,
So while we march and sing our song,
We let her ring the bell.



noon, And sing it as we march a - long, as loud as we can
loud. Some-times they come to see us march, and then they al - ways

sing, . . While lit - tle Peg - gy rings the bell as loud as she can
say, . "What splen-did sol - diers they will make! How well they sing and

F

ring. With horns and drums we four big boys can make a most tre-
play!" We blow the horns and beat the drum, with rat-tat - tat and

F

men-dous noise; And Peg-gy likes to help a - long, So while we march and
toot - le-t u m, And Peg-gy likes to help a - long, So while we march and

1 2

sing our song, We let her ring the bell. . . . 2. I
sing our song, We let her ring the bell. . . .

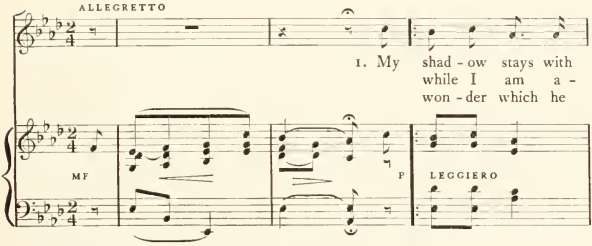
PED. * PED.

THE SHADOW

MY shadow stays with me all day,
And then at dusk he steals away,
And I suppose he goes to play
With Someone down in China.

For while I am asleep at night,
Down there the sun is shining bright;
Perhaps he 's dancing in the light,
My shadow down in China.

I wonder which he likes the best,
His playmate in the East or West,—
Me, when I 'm in my Sunday best,
Or Someone down in China.



RIT. A TEMPO

me all day, And then at dusk he steals a - way, And
sleep at night, Down there the sun is shin - ing bright; Per -
likes the best, His play - mate in the East or West,—Me,

RIT. A TEMPO

CRESC.

I sup - pose he goes to play With
haps he's danc - ing in the light, My
when I'm in my Sun - day best, Or

CRESC.

1 AND 2 P 3

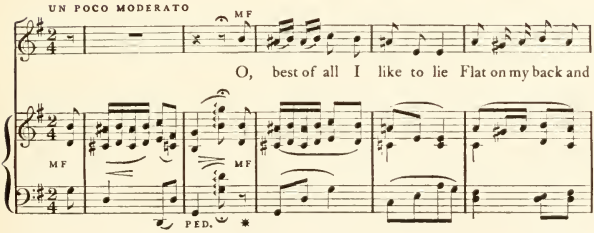
Some-one down in Chi - na. 2. For
shad - ow down in Chi - na. 3. I
Some-one down in Chi - na.

P

CLOUDS

O BEST of all I like to lie
Flat on my back and see the sky,
And watch the clouds go sailing by;
Grown folks can't stop them more than I.

Sometimes they race, sometimes they're slow,
Often they big and bigger grow,
But just exactly where they go,
No more than I the grown folks know.



F DIM.

see the sky, And watch the clouds go sail - ing by; Grown folks can't stop them

F DIM.

MF

more than I. Some - times they race, sometimes they're slow, Of-ten they big and

MF

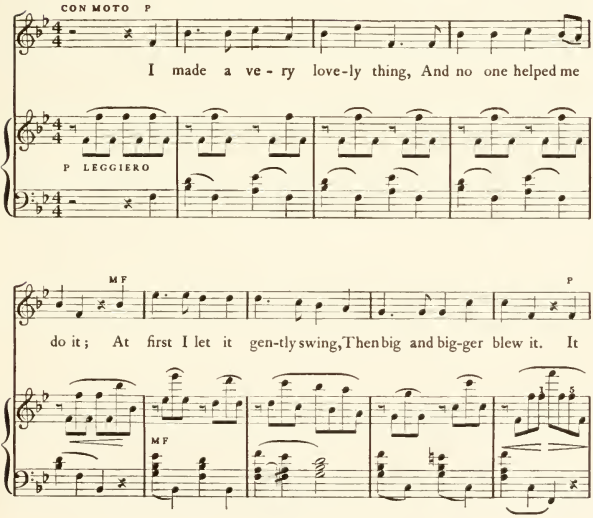
DIM. RIT.

bigger grow, But just ex-act-ly where they go, No more than I the grown folks know.

F DIM. RIT.

The Bubble

I MADE a very lovely thing,
And no one helped me do it;
At first I let it gently swing,
Then big and bigger blew it.
It had all colors, green and blue
And gold and purple in it;
I loved it, though of course I knew
'T would hardly last a minute.



had all col - ors, green and blue And gold and pur-ple in it; I

P

loved it, tho' of course I knew 'T would hardly last a min - ute.

P RIT.

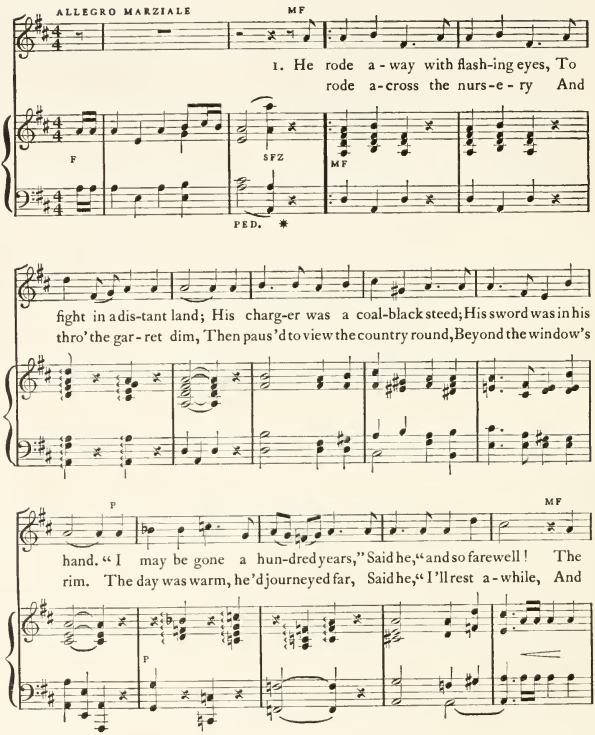
KNIGHT OF THE HOBBY HORSE

HE rode away with flashing eyes,
To fight in a distant land;
His charger was a coal-black steed;
His sword was in his hand.
"I may be gone a hundred years,"
Said he, "and so farewell!
The papers I shall send to you
My valiant deeds will tell."

His mother waved a last goodbye,
And sped him on his way.
"When you come back to me," she cried,
"'T will be a happy day!"

He rode across the nursery
And through the garret dim,
Then paused to view the country round,
Beyond the window's rim.
The day was warm, he 'd journeyed far,
Said he, "I 'll rest awhile,
And then again my steed and I
Will ride full many a mile."

They found him there as night came on;
His flashing eyes were closed;
With arms around his charger's neck
The little knight reposed.



DIM. MF

pa - pers I shall send to you My val - iant deeds will tell." His
then a - gain my steed and I Will ride full many a mile." They

MF DIM. P MF

moth - er waved a last good-bye, And sped him on his way. "When
found him there as night came on; His flash - ing eyes were closed; With

CRES. F P

you come back to me," she cried, "'T will be a hap - py day!" 2. He
arms a - round his charg - er's neck The lit - tle knight re - posed.

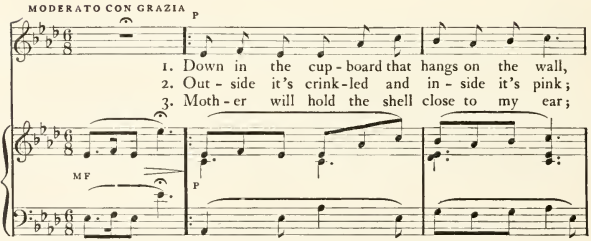
CRES. F P

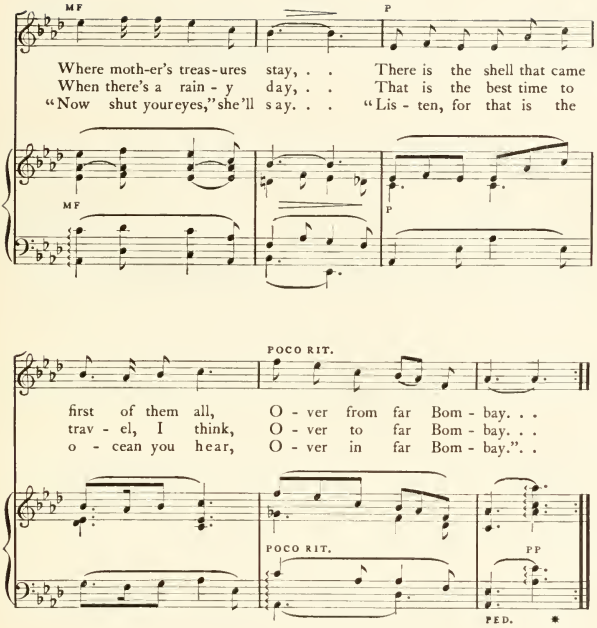
THE SEA SHELL

DOWN in the cupboard that hangs on the wall,
Where mother's treasures stay,
There is the shell that came first of them all,
Over from far Bombay.

Outside it 's crinkled and inside it 's pink;
When there 's a rainy day,
That is the best time to travel, I think,
Over to far Bombay.

Mother will hold the shell close to my ear;
"Now shut your eyes," she 'll say.
"Listen, for that is the ocean you hear,
Over in far Bombay."



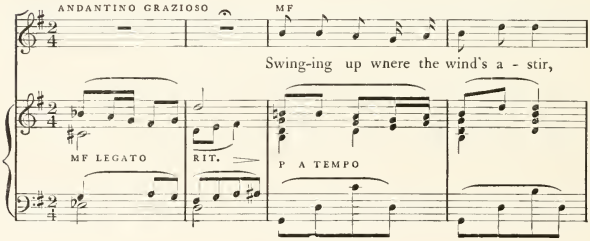


SWING SONG

SWINGING up where the wind's astir,
Swinging down to the grass,
Swinging high, till you're near the sky,
Where the little birds pass.

Swinging high as the old church spire,
Swinging low as the ferns,
Looking down on the far-off town,
Where a bonfire burns.

Swinging up where the wind's astir,
Swinging down to the grass,
Swinging high, till you're near the sky,
Where the little birds pass.



CRES.

Swing - ing down to the grass, Swing - ing high, till you're

CRES.

P

near the sky, Where the lit - tle birds pass. Swing - ing high as the

P

CRES.

old church spire, Swing-ing low as the ferns, Look-ing down on the

CRES.

RIT. A TEMPO

P

far - off town, Where a bon - fire burns. Swing - ing up where the

RIT. A TEMPO

P

wind 's a - stir, Swing-ing down to the grass, Swing - ing high, till you're

RIT.

near the sky, Where the lit - tle birds pass.

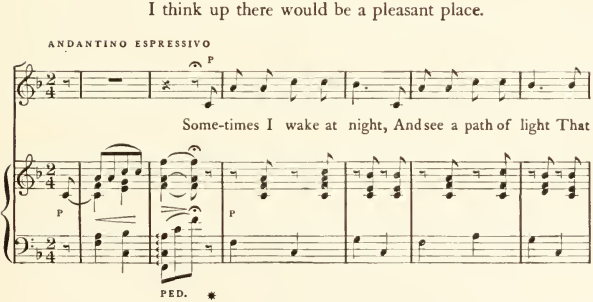
RIT.

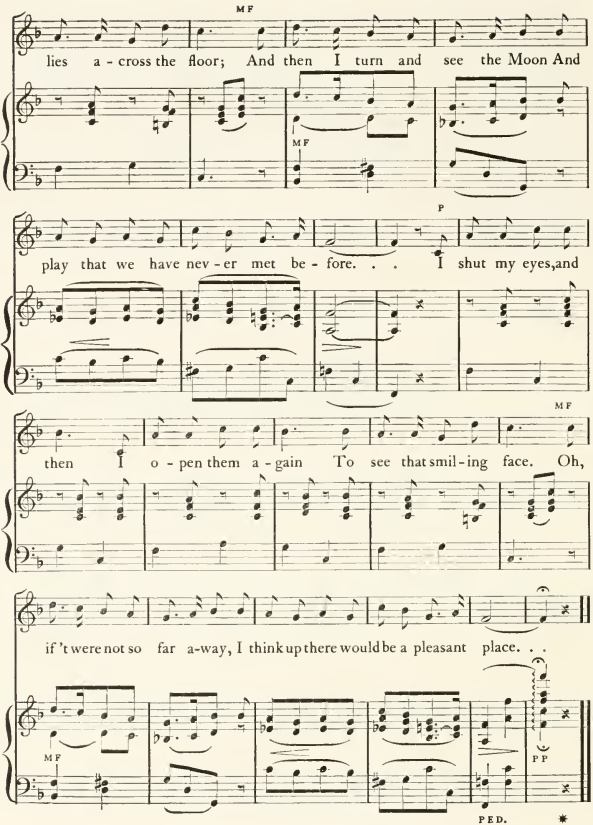
PED.

THE MOON.

SOMETIMES I wake at night,
And see a path of light
That lies across the floor;
And then I turn and see the Moon,
And play that we have never met before.

I shut my eyes, and then
I open them again
To see that smiling face.
Oh, if 't were not so far away,
I think up there would be a pleasant place.

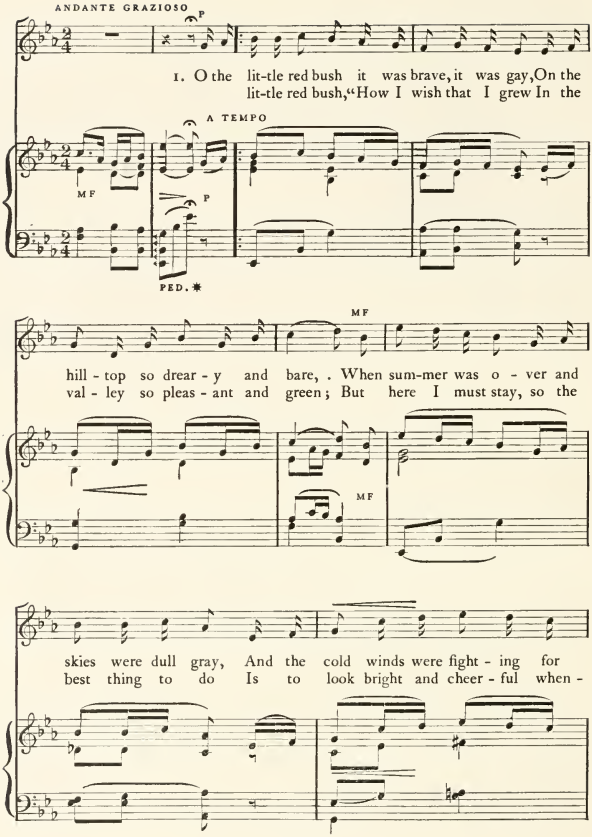


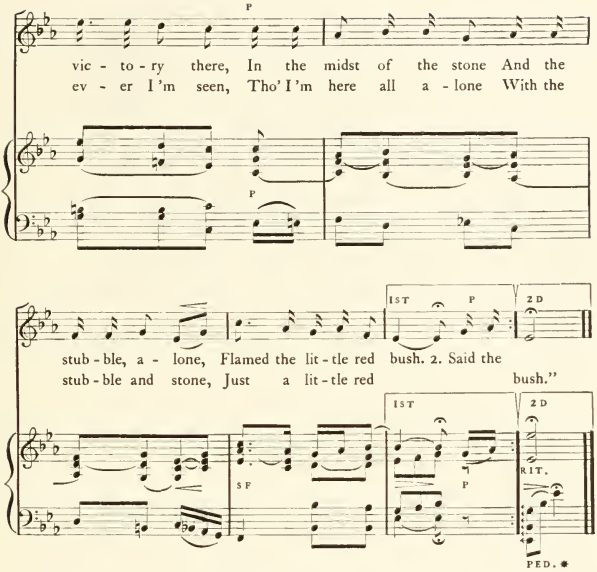


LITTLE RED BUSH

O THE little red bush it was brave, it was gay,
On the hill-top so dreary and bare,
When summer was over and skies were dull gray,
And the cold winds were fighting for victory there,
In the midst of the stone
And the stubble, alone,
Flamed the little red bush.

Said the little red bush, "How I wish that I grew
In the valley so pleasant and green;
But here I must stay, so the best thing to do
Is to look bright and cheerful whenever I 'm seen,
Though I 'm here all alone
With the stubble and stone,
Just a little red bush."


ANDANTE GRAZIOSO
P
1. O the lit-tle red bush it was brave, it was gay, On the
lit-tle red bush, "How I wish that I grew In the
A TEMPO
MF
P
PED. *
MF
hill - top so drear - y and bare, . When sum-mer was o - ver and
val - ley so pleas - ant and green; But here I must stay, so the
MF
skies were dull gray, And the cold winds were fight - ing for
best thing to do Is to look bright and cheer - ful when -

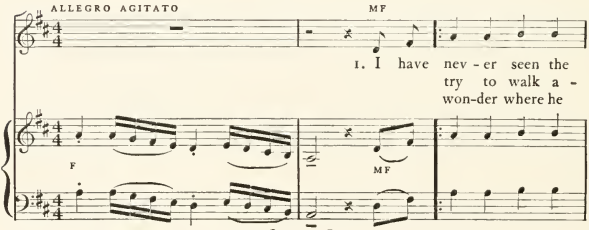


THE WIND

I HAVE never seen the Wind,
But I know his ways;
Slamming doors and rattling panes,
Whirling snows and driving rains,
That is how he plays.

When I try to walk along
Just as grown folks do,
He will push me till I run,
Then he 'll take my hat for fun,
And my ribbons too.

How I wonder where he stays
When he goes away.
I have heard him rushing by
When the moon was riding high,
And he's gone next day.



Wind, But I know . . his ways;
long Just as grown . . folks do,
stays When he goes . . a - way.

SF

P CRES.

Slamming doors and rat - tling panes, Whirl-ing snows and driv - ing rains,
He will push me till I run, Then he'll take my hat for fun,
I have heard him rush-ing by When the moon was rid - ing high,

P CRES.

F

VERSES 1 AND 2 | LAST VERSE

MF

That is how he plays. 2. When I
And my rib - bons too. 3. How I
And he's gone next day.

F

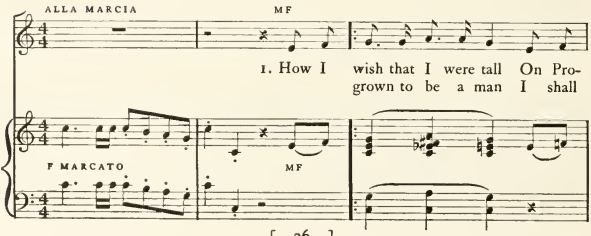
MF

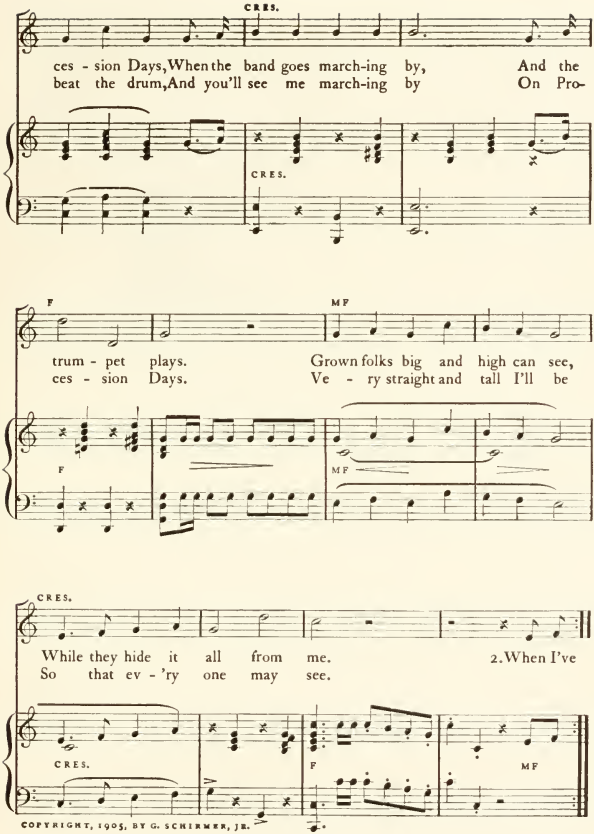
PP

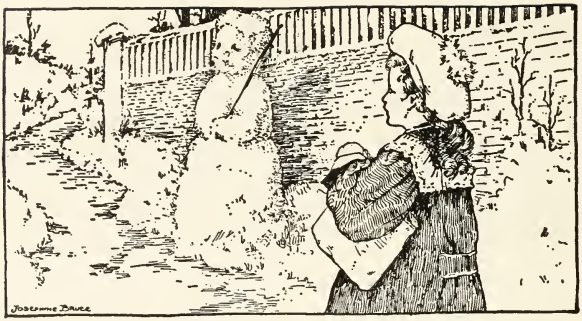
PROCESSION DAYS

HOW I wish that I were tall
On Procession Days,
When the band goes marching by,
And the trumpet plays.
Grown folks big and high can see,
While they hide it all from me.

When I 've grown to be a man
I shall beat the drum,
And you 'll see me marching by
On Procession Days.
Very straight and tall I 'll be
So that ev'ry one may see.





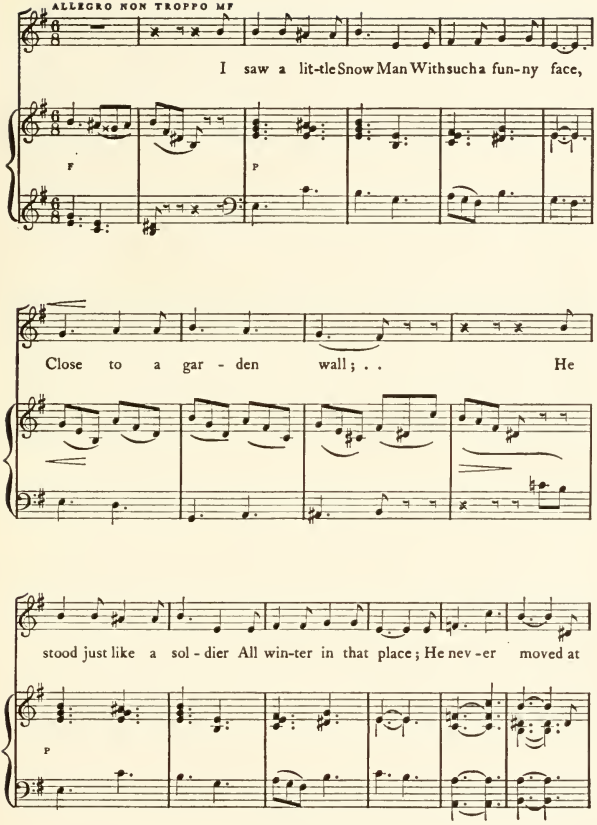


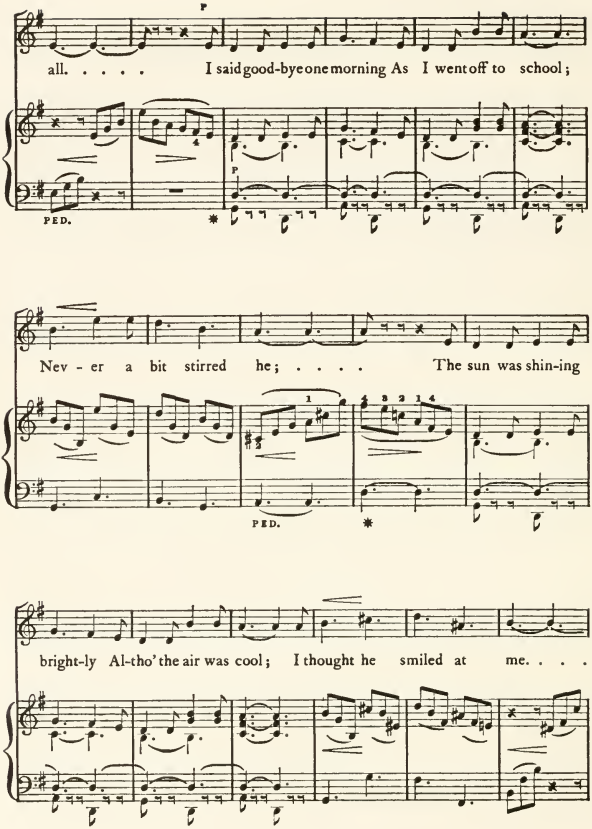
THE SNOW MAN

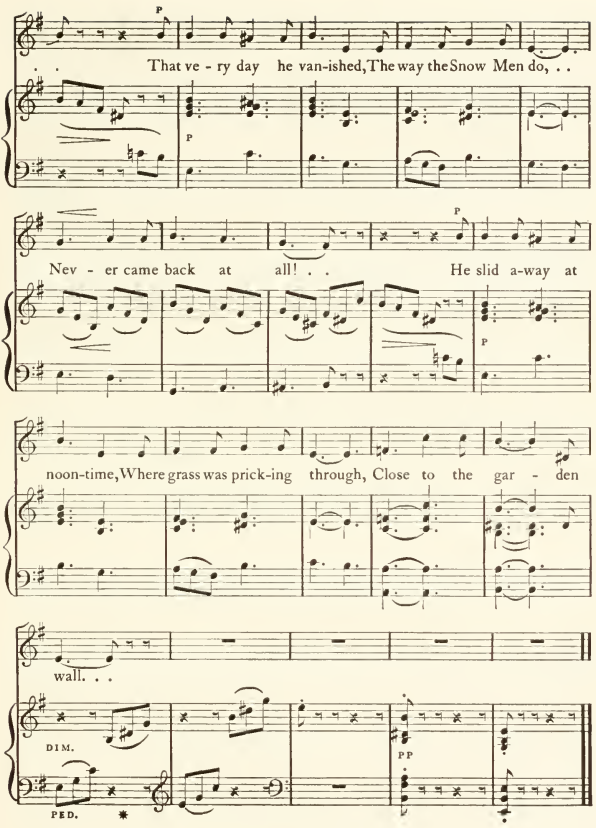
I SAW a little Snow Man
With such a funny face,
Close to a garden wall;
He stood just like a soldier
All winter in that place;
He never moved at all.

I said goodbye one morning
As I went off to school;
Never a bit stirred he;
The sun was shining brightly
Although the air was cool;
I thought he smiled at me.

That very day he vanished,
The way the Snow Men do,
Never came back at all!
He slid away at noontime,
Where grass was pricking through,
Close to the garden wall.


ALLEGRO NON TROPPO MF
I saw a lit-tle Snow Man With such a fun-ny face,
F
P
Close to a gar - den wall; . . He
stood just like a sol - dier All win-ter in that place; He nev - er moved at
P


all. . . . . I said good-bye one morning As I went off to school;
PED.
Nev - er a bit stirred he; . . . . The sun was shin-ing
PED.
bright-ly Al-tho' the air was cool; I thought he smiled at me. . . .

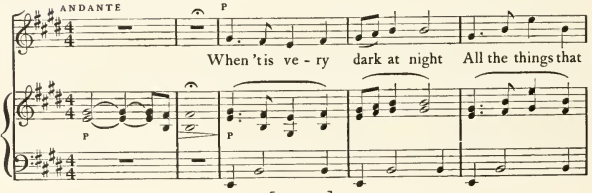


DARK NIGHTS

WHEN 't is very dark at night
All the things that seemed so clear,
Woods and fields and garden flow'rs,
Fade away and disappear.

Where the lilac bushes were,
Where the trees stood tall and green,
Where the bench was, near the gate,
Shapes all dim and strange are seen.

But the morning brings again
All the things night stole away,
Woods and fields and garden flow'rs,
Ready for another day.



seemed so clear, Woods and fields and gar - den flow'rs, Fade a - way and

MF

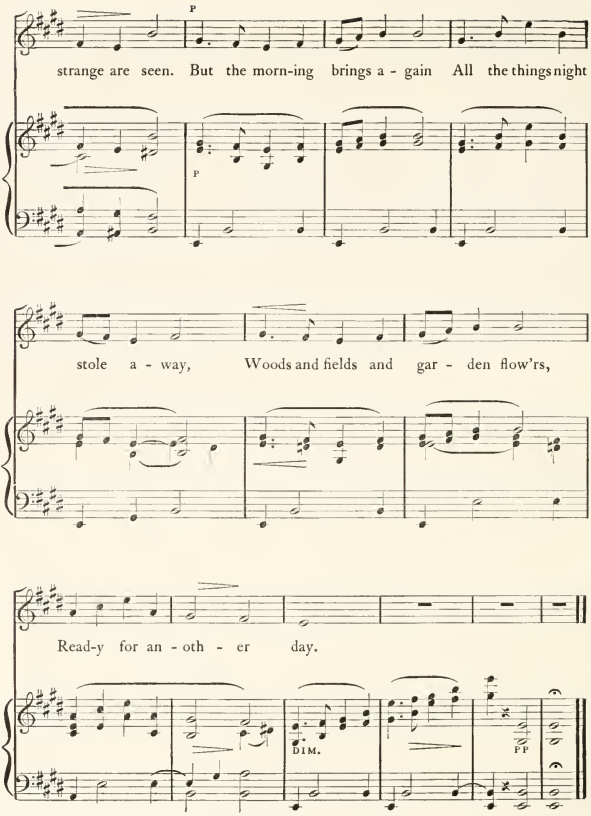
dis - ap - pear. Where the li - lac bush - es were, Where the trees stood

MF

CRES.

tall and green, Where the bench was, near the gate, Shapes all dim and

CRES.

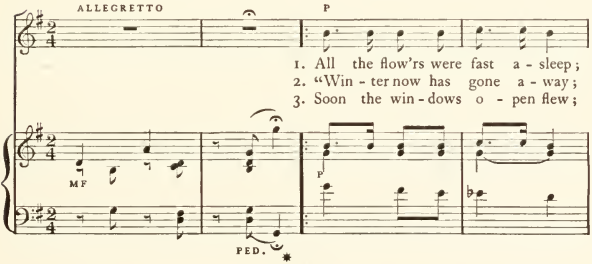


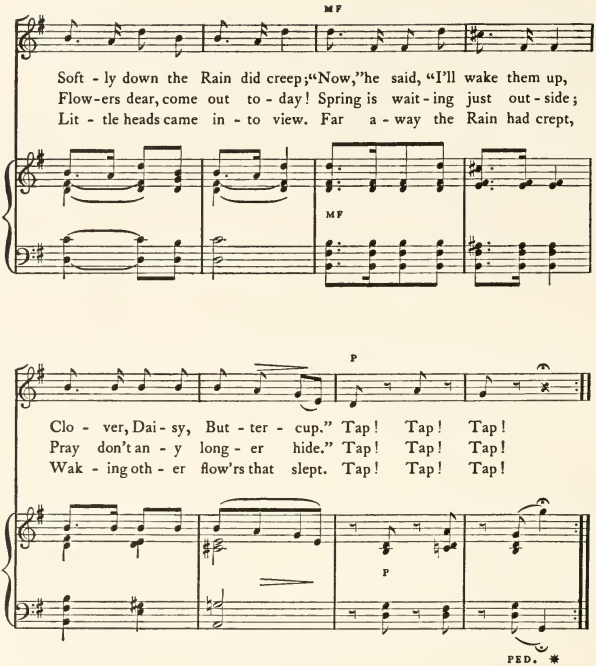
THE RAIN

ALL the flow'rs were fast asleep;
Softly down the Rain did creep;
"Now," he said, "I 'll wake them up,
Clover, Daisy, Buttercup."
Tap! Tap! Tap!

"Winter now has gone away;
Flowers dear, come out to-day!
Spring is waiting just outside;
Pray don't any longer hide."
Tap! Tap! Tap!

Soon the windows open flew;
Little heads came into view.
Far away the Rain had crept,
Waking other flow'rs that slept.
Tap! Tap! Tap!



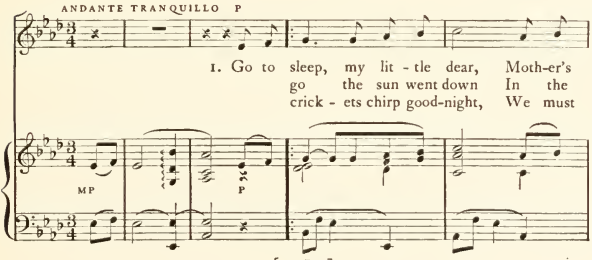


LULLABY

GO to sleep, my little dear,
Mother's here, close by;
Shining stars will watch us both,
Looking from the sky.

Long ago the sun went down
In the golden west;
All the day you've played so hard,
Now 't is time to rest.

Hear the crickets chirp good-night,
We must say it, too.
Little dear, till morning comes,
Pleasant dreams to you.

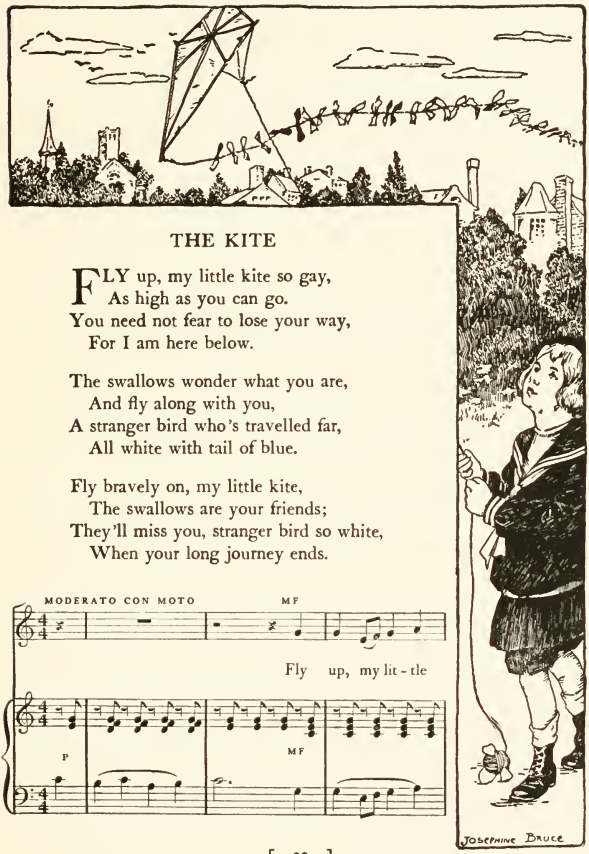


here, close by; Shin - ing stars will watch us
gold - en west; All the day you've played so
say it, too. Lit - tle dear, till morn - ing

1ST AND 2D VERSES | LAST VERSE

both, Look - ing from the sky. 2. Long a -
hard, Now 'tis time to rest. 3. Hear the
comes, Pleas - ant dreams to you.

pp



THE KITE

FLY up, my little kite so gay,
As high as you can go.
You need not fear to lose your way,
For I am here below.

The swallows wonder what you are,
And fly along with you,
A stranger bird who's travelled far,
All white with tail of blue.

Fly bravely on, my little kite,
The swallows are your friends;
They'll miss you, stranger bird so white,
When your long journey ends.

kite so gay, As high as you can go. You need not fear to

lose your way, For I am here be - low.

P

The swal-lows won-der what you are, And fly a - long with

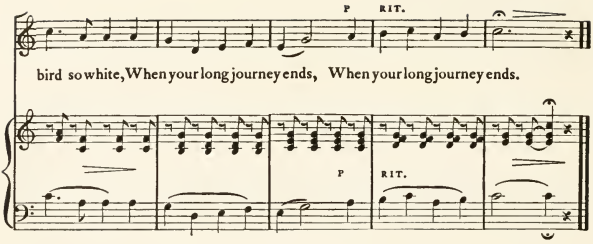
MF

you, A stran-ger bird who's trav-elled far, All white with tail of

blue. Fly brave-ly on, my

P MF

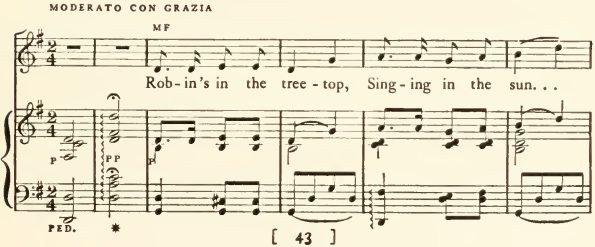
lit - tle kite, The swal-lows are your friends; They'll miss you, stran-ger



ROBIN

ROBIN'S in the tree-top,
Singing in the sun.
"Ev'rything tells of Spring!
Weather's almost always so,
Bright and clear like this, you know,
Fair for ev'ry one."

Robin's in the tree-top,
Singing in the rain.
"Though today skies are gray
Weather is not always so.
Soon through ev'ry cloud, you know,
Comes the sun again."



CRES.

"Ev - 'ry-thing tells of Spring! Weather's al - most al - ways so,

CRES.

DIM.

Bright and clear like this, you know, Fair for ev - 'ry one."

DIM.

P

DOLCISS.

PED. *

P

Rob - in's in the tree - top, Sing - ing in the rain. . .

P

CRES.

"Though to - day skies are gray Weath-er is not al - ways so.

CRES.

DIM.

Soon thro' ev - 'ry cloud, you know, Comes the sun a - gain."

DIM.

P

DOLCISS.

PED. *

THE RIVER

THE river's like a looking-glass;
  It smoothly slides along;
I see my face and underneath
  The silver fishes throng.

The leaves and blossoms lie on top,
  And float away from me;
The shining pebbles, red and green,
  Far down below I see.

How I should like to stay down there
  Where little fishes glide,
And see the river overhead
  Past other children slide.

MOLTO TRANQUILLO

P

The riv - er's like a

P

PP

look - ing-glass; it smooth-ly slides a - long; I see my face and

MF

un - der-neath the sil - ver fish - es throng. The leaves and blossoms

MF

DIM.

lie on top, and float a-way from me; The shin - ing peb-bles,

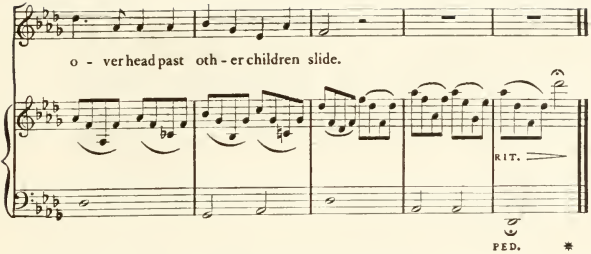
DIM.

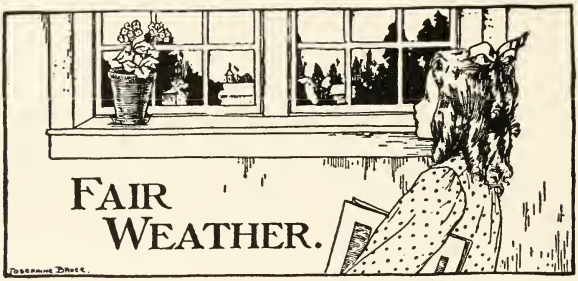
P

red and green, far down be-low I see. How I should like to

PP

stay down there where lit - tle fish - es glide, And see the riv - er

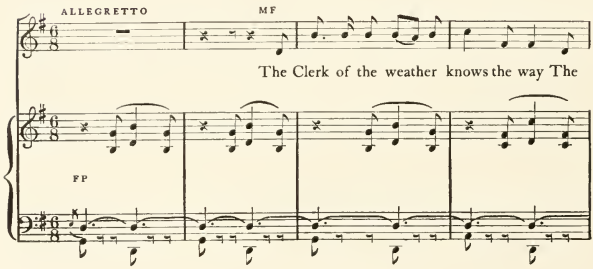




FAIR WEATHER.

THE Clerk of the weather knows the way
The wind will blow outdoors,
But the secret of making a pleasant day
Is never the Clerk's—it's yours.

Just open your eyes and smile, my dear,
And soon the sun you'll see;
He'll shine indoors, and the wise old Clerk
Can't alter the weather—not he!



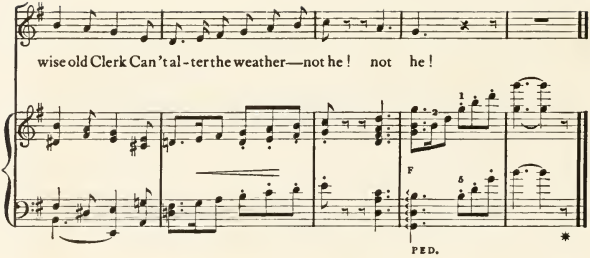
wind will blow out - doors, . . But the se - cret of mak - ing a

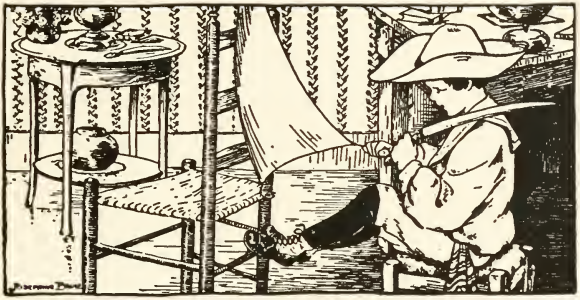
CRES.

pleas - ant day Is nev - er the Clerk's—it's yours. Just o - pen your eyes and

CRES.

smile, my dear, And soon the sun you'll see; . . He'll shine in-doors, and the



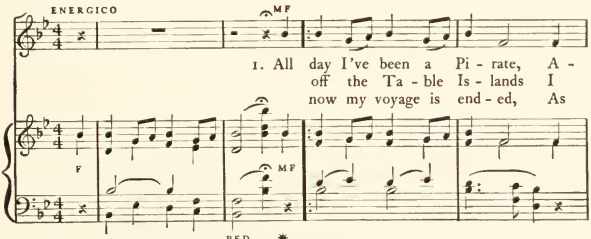


PIRATE'S SONG

ALL day I've been a Pirate,
A-sailing on the sea;
From Bureau Land some treasures
I'm bringing home with me,
For I am a Pirate bold!

From off the Table Islands
I got a precious store;
I safely sailed among them
Where none had sailed before,
For I am a Pirate bold!

But now my voyage is ended,
As ev'ry voyage must be,
The harbor lights of Bed Land
I'm glad enough to see,
Though I am a Pirate bold.



sail - ing on the sea; From Bu - reau Land some treas - ures I'm
got a pre-cious store; I safe - ly sailed a - mong them Where
ev - 'ry voyage must be, The har - bor lights of Bed Land I'm

F

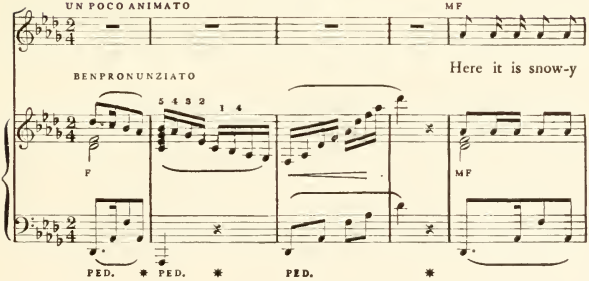
bring - ing home with me, For I am a Pi - rate bold! 2. From
none had sailed be - fore, For I am a Pi - rate bold! 3. But
glad e-nough to see, Though I am a Pi - rate bold.

F

PED. *

THE ANTIPODES

HERE it is snowy winter-time;
The world is cold and white.
They say at the antipodes
These days are warm and bright.
How I should like when summer's gone
To give the earth a swing,
And make it turn the other way
Until I found the spring.



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CRES.

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CRES.

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RIT.

til I found the spring, the spring.

A TEMPO

RIT.

F

PED. * PED. * PED. * PED. *